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SPEECH
OF
HON. JOHN S. WISE,
OF VIRGINIA,
DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE MICHIGAN CLUB
AT
DETROIT, MICHIGAN,
FEBRUARY 22^D, 1887,
RESPONSIVE TO THE SENTIMENT
GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE VIRGINIAN.

NEW YORK:
MARTIN B. BROWN, PRINTER AND STATIONER,
Nos. 49 AND 51 PARK PLACE.

1887.

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S P E E C H

OF THE

HON. JOHN S. WISE.

After the conclusion of Mr. Boutelle's speech, Mr. Wise was introduced to the assemblage by Senator Palmer, in a few appropriate remarks, and proceeded :—

Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens : It was but yesterday that I passed through Williamsburg, the ancient, faded capital of the Old Dominion—the historic spot whence Washington set forth one hundred and thirty years ago, in the historic Braddock campaign. To-day, responsive to your invitation, I greet you, fellow-citizens of Michigan, to speak to the sentiment, “George Washington, the Virginian.”

Could we have met him on this ground when he lived, it would have been as fellow-citizens of one commonwealth ; for, as George Washington was Virginia's best and noblest gift to liberty, your splendid northwest territory was her second and scarce less noble tribute to perpetual union. [Applause]. Could we meet here to-night, that great spirit of George Washington, I doubt not that his proudest smile would wreath at the thought that through all the toils and troubles of the century that has passed, we still meet upon this soil as fellow-citizens and brethren of a common country. [Applause.] George Washington lived in a single revolution, great in its inception, great in its progress, wonderful in

its results. You and I have lived in a thousand revolutions—revolutions social, political, economic; revolutions in domestic economy, revolutions in the whole theory of heat, light and electricity; revolutions in law, revolutions in medicine, revolutions in all the sciences, revolutions in constitutional construction, revolutions in citizenship, revolutions in modes of thought, revolutions in modes of travel, revolutions in a thousand things which he ne'er dreamed of in his philosophy. Think what we have seen—not only the struggle of men with each other, not only the struggles over constitutional ideas and theories of government, not only the struggles and revolutions which we have witnessed at the point of the bayonet, but pause for an instant to consider what we have witnessed in our day and generation. In the household the loom has driven away the spinning jenny, the sewing machine has banished the needle; upon the farm, the inventions and discoveries of labor-saving machinery have destroyed the last vestige of old-time methods. In trade and commerce, the application of steam, telegraphy, the telephone, stenography and what not, have revolutionized their every bearing. The learned professions are apace with all other departments in their advancement—in Medicine: vaccination, anæsthetics, stiptics, pain destroyers, have upset every ancient theory and practice of physician and surgeon.

Even the staid profession of Law, whose devotees delight to boast that its principles are eternal, has had its revolutions also. Not only have we witnessed the reversal of many of the old dicta of constitutional construction, but even in its ordinary civil administration we have beheld many revolutions. As such, for example, I class the doctrine of mechanics' liens and the later rulings by which the claim of the latest workman upon a railroad is placed higher than the oldest recorded lien upon its franchises.

Heat, light and electricity, the mysteries which puzzled scientists and filled the vulgar herd with superstitious awe in

the days of George Washington, have been grappled by the minds of our day and generation, tamed in their wildness, harnessed to our daily and hourly use, and are the familiar playthings of our children.

Peace and War alike have succumbed in their methods to the power of human thought. Upon the land and on the sea those offensive and defensive weapons which in the days of Washington were the most terrible and impregnable, would, if now used by any civilized nation of the earth, be looked upon as little better than idiotic and suicidal.

About us and around us, everything, everywhere is

NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY.

All these reflections passed across my mind as I traveled here.

A hundred years ago !

Do you recall what this country was when George Washington was alive ?

Coming from his home I crossed, with the speed of lightning, the magnificent Shenandoah valleys, in which his troops were wont to linger in their weary marches. Over the towering Blue Ridge and Alleghanies with a bound, those frowning obstacles on which he toiled and suffered through half a year. Asleep, we sped across the mighty Ohio which to him was the further boundary of civilization and the mighty barrier against the incursion of the savage. With the swiftness and steadiness of eagles' wings we sped onward through those great centres of population in Ohio, which in his day were howling wilderness. And, still onward, far, far, beyond all that, is Detroit. [Laughter.] Ah ! my friends, it was no laughing matter to George Washington. Your noble city, with its towers and spires, with its peerless river, with its emulous commerce and indomitable energy, was yet unheard of. Its very site was only known as the mysterious,

frightful spot, whence concocted French and Indian massacre poured forth upon the Eastern settlements.

Yet how wonderful was the man whose birth we celebrate !

Notwithstanding all these surprising revolutions in the methods of men, notwithstanding these phenomenal material developments, notwithstanding the teeming millions that people that Nation which, when he made it, was in great part a wilderness, notwithstanding the many great events and great men that have come after him, there stands the name and fame of Washington, calm, serene, towering, still first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Like Saul among the tribes, "from his shoulders and upwards tallest among all the people," greater to-day, more beloved to-day, his maxims of government more cherished to-day, than when he died—almost a century ago.

If Washington were here to-night what a tale we could tell him on his birth-day, of the century which has nearly passed since he died, and left that great farewell address, the most precious heritage of Americans. [Applause.]

Look about you. Look around you. Think of the revolutions we have witnessed. Of what great things shall we speak ? Touching what great issues shall we commune ? Shall it be of our second war with Britain ? No ; the story is old and half forgotten. Shall it be of our acquisition of a great domain from France, out of which clusters of commonwealths have sprung ? No ; life is too short for that. Shall it be of the Alamo or of Cerro Gordo, of Monterey, or Buena Vista ? No. Shall it be of a bitter strife and agony between men who were and still are brethren ? No ; my heart still sickens at the story, and not even the immortal valor of the combatants can lend an interest to the hideous tale. Others have told you eloquently and will tell you of the past, I prefer to live and act and speak in the present and of the future.

The revolutions in this country in thought and action are

too great, too fast, too tremendous for us to be going back a quarter of a century and talking of what happened then.

The issues of twenty-five years ago are too dead, and the issues of to-day too living, to justify any man, however intellectual or eloquent, in discussing the former or neglecting the latter when he comes before the people.

No matter where he stood, no matter what he thought, no matter what he did in that period of ancient history, the American intellect and American energies demand fresh pabulum to-day. So swift is the current, so strong the rush, so dead the past with all its passions, so live the present with all its hopes and possibilities.

Jefferson Davis talking secession to-day excites no more enthusiasm and arouses no more animosity than an Italian organ-grinder playing Dixie. [Prolonged laughter and cheers.] The antiquated wrathful citizen of the North who calls for an indignation meeting to put him down, is greeted only with derisive laughter by the busy millions who, having long since settled that transaction, are pressing forward to something else.

A man, be he of the North or South, who expects to keep his

HEAD ABOVE THE TIDE

of public sentiment and keep abreast with thought and action in the great progressive Nation in which we live, must find something better and newer to think and talk about than the events which took place twenty-five years ago or "Befo' de wah." [Laughter and applause.]

Why, my fellow-citizens, the time has come, with its wonderful revolution, when the little boys of the South are taught from the history, and the men of the South are learning that Abraham Lincoln in his day and generation was the greatest sage and statesman of his century. [Applause.] And I will tell you another thing that is happening every day, North and South. The man who shed his blood for the

Union or Confederacy may try to stem the tide without avail. The little boys of the North and South who read the history of that war are not thinking of it, or feeling about it as we did. You may teach them that one side was right and the other was wrong ; that to love one hero and despise another is a matter of patriotic duty. So be it ; it is well. History may put it down that one was patriot the other rebel. Their teaching may be ever so orthodox, and their little hearts ever so loyal, but, God be praised, the sting of our bitterness in days gone by cannot be taught them ; and while their young blood shall tingle at the glorious deeds of Grant or Logan, it is too pure, too fresh, too American not to thrill and pulsate now and then with true pride that American valor can claim the name of Stonewall Jackson. [Prolonged applause and cheers.]

The time will come, my fellow-citizens—and no shriek of old-time animosity can keep it back—the time is not far distant, when the people of the United States will remember nothing of the causes of that strife, nothing of the differences which once divided us, because the great issues which were involved are fixed forever, and the South to-day, let me tell you, could not be driven out of the Union if you were to try. [Prolonged applause.]

As for the Southern States, particularly Virginia, I assert most confidently that no greater revolution has ever been witnessed or ever will be than in the feeling which prevails there, not only in the sentiment of Union, but in the growing feeling that the Republican party is the true hope of the people of the South. [Applause.] Would any gentleman ask me why? I will answer.

The causes which led originally to the formation of the Republican party naturally antagonized the slave-holder, and even long after slavery was abolished, traces of that feeling of bitterness remained in the Southern people. The fact that the Republican party prosecuted the war to successful con-

elusion, and that it directed the measures of reconstruction, while the Democracy pretended some sort of peculiar guardianship of, or kindly interest in the South, tended to perpetuate the antagonism.

But, of late, with a fading of all war animosities and after a trial both of the friendship and the principles of Democracy, the South has at last come to realize that through all these years it has deluded itself in supposing that it had more to expect from Democracy than Republicanism.

The Democracy, in power, as out of power, has demonstrated that it has no cohesive principle, and no single purpose towards which all its members may look for any unity of action. What it shall do, or how it shall be done, is always a problem, dependent upon which of its warring factions shall be in the ascendant; disappointment, disgust, and a purpose to abandon it, are the legitimate results of its lack of unity, and thousands of people in the South who remember the wisdom, the unity, the prosperity of the administration of the Government under Republican rule, are turning towards it, because they feel and know that the Republican party, from the hour of its birth until now, has known what it was for and was not afraid to tell. [Applause.] Because the Republican principles are such that he who runs may read and the wayfaring man, though a fool, can understand. [Great applause.]

Because they remember that the Republican party, born in a great national throe, at its birth boldly announced its principles, no matter how obnoxious they might have been at the time to those who were opposed to it; and when those principles were announced never stopped until they were carried to their legitimate conclusion. Because they are now realizing that it, for twenty-five years, has been the pioneer in thought, in every movement that has culminated in the great prosperity of this land to-day; because it is a party now of which it can be said it never was afraid of a great idea because it was new, and it

NEVER WAS AFRAID

to take hold of a new idea because the task of enforcing it was great. [Applause.] Recognizing the existence of that feeling I have, myself, no doubt that in the South is the hope of the future growth of the Republican party. Why? It sounds like a paradox to announce it here, and yet it is true. The people of the South never were a negative or an obstructive people. They are fast realizing the patent fact that the Democratic party of this country, unless it is stopping somebody or denying something, is nothing at all. [Applause and laughter.]

The people of the South have undergone a revolution that you can little understand here. But yesterday, the great American Desert in the West was believed to be beyond the power of reclamation, yet, to-day, owing to altered climatic influences, it may be seen burdened under a noble harvest, the most productive section of our land; and so I say to you in all sincerity that the alkali desert of slavery that lay in the Southern land, and knew only the hot breath of sectional passion, is to-day beginning to bloom with the fruit of industry and labor. Believe me, friends and fellow-citizens of Michigan, there is the ground for your missionary work. You little realize the fact that South Carolina, once solely given up to political abstractions, and deeming work derogatory to her gentility—South Carolina, that was given over thirty years ago to slavery and dreaming—to-day is entering the markets of the world with cotton products and battling for the market of Shanghai, sending out millions of yards of her cotton cloth each month. In Alabama, a city has sprung up almost with the suddenness of magic under the influence of the development of her iron and her coal. George Washington once said, in the darkest days of the revolution, "Give me a little band of men in the mountains of West Augusta, and there I will resist the combined powers of all our enemies." To-day the mountain side has been

tapped and coal and iron and minerals of all kinds are poured out to the few men who have gathered in those mountains of West Augusta. The wealth that Old Virginia lost is coming back to her in her newly developed industries.

A new South is dawning. A new population is growing up there. Old ideas and old methods are yielding to a new born interest in material thrift. Slavery is almost forgotten. The status of the freed and enfranchised slaves is more firmly established and more fully recognized every year. Men have found other subjects than secession and States' rights, slavery, and race prejudices, to excite and interest them. Mines, quarries, mills, building of railroads, industrial enterprises of all kinds, are occupying their thoughts and kindling their hopes anew. The South's proportion of the railroads built in this country within the last three years is truly surprising. I wish the time at my disposal permitted me to give you the statistical information on these heads. Education of the masses, business enterprise, trade, emulation of the busy, bustling, prosperous North—these are the things to which the South of to-day is bending its energies in earnest. The slave mart has been converted into the school-house; the iron, which was once known only as chain and manacle to enforce the awful thralldom of slavery, is now being wrought into machinery and railroads to the uses and for the transportation of the products of a free and industrious community. We are fast approaching the blessed period when the South will be without any "peculiar institutions," and as national as the North. The influences of all this new state of affairs is eminently conservative. When men begin to struggle for business prosperity, when they become interested in the protection and development of wealth, they lose the animosities and sectionalism of those who lack these refining and civilizing influences; they yield less to passion and to local prejudice, and seek, more and more, calmly, interestedly, for those political alliances which their judgment and self-interest assure them are most to their pecuniary advantage.

With a deepening and increasing feeling of this sort, the people of those sections of which I speak have tried the Democratic party and found that it is not what it promised. They are nearly or quite ready to leave it and seek a real party instead of a snare and a delusion. [Applause.] Do you ask me why they turn to the Republican party? I will tell you why. If the Republican party had been the power in which they put their trust, they would have known, by its past boldness in pledge and faithfulness in performance, that it had always been an honest party in what it professed; and, when it came into power, they would have expected, as certainly as they know that there are one hundred cents in a gold dollar, that the Republican party would

CARRY OUT ITS PLATFORM,

good, bad, or indifferent. If the Republican party, by the aid of the Solid South, had won its victory in 1884, don't you know that when it had told the Solid South that it would give education through the means of the Blair bill, it would have given it instead of burying it in a committee? [Applause.] Don't you know, my fellow-citizens, that if the Republican party had won a victory by the aid of the Solid South upon the solemn promise of the repeal of the internal revenue laws, it would have carried out the promise as soon as it was in power? Yet the Democratic party, although solemnly pledged all through the South to repeal the internal revenue laws—although it has been in control of the Executive and the branch of Congress in which all revenue measures must originate, for two years, has never yet been able to make its two wings flap together when the question was up, so as to redeem its reiterated and violently uttered pledges. [Applause.] Don't you know, my fellow-citizens, that if the Republican party had been elevated to power upon a promise to distribute the surplus in the Treasury, in this lapse of

time that surplus would have been distributed instead of having Sam Randall at one end of the bag and Morrison at the other pulling the thing in two and spilling it all? [Applause and laughter.] Don't you know that if the Republican party, abandoning its past history, had gained power by an appeal to race prejudice—if it had gone through the South saying "We are the white men's party"—it never would have been guilty of the duplicity of appointing Matthews the first thing it did? [Applause.] Don't you know that if the Republican party had been elected to power upon a solemn pledge to respect the Civil Service law, its Executive would not have been guilty of the base hypocrisy of pretending to respect and observe that law in New York, while in the neighboring State of Virginia he slew and spared not every Republican in the State, no matter how faithful, no matter how long his service, merely to gratify an almost personal malice of Bourbonism against Virginia's Republican senator and representatives? Yes, fellow-citizens, you do know these things and many others I might mention if time permitted. You know that no pledge of the now dominant party, that was given before it came into power, has been redeemed. You and thousands of those who were its supporters know and see that its whole record is one of broken and unredeemed pledges, of utter inability to control and manage the affairs of government correctly, and of absurd and shallow false pretence to virtues and non-partisanship to which it can lay no honest claim.

Fellow-citizens, this so-called Democracy has given us the shibboleth of "Jeffersonian simplicity." There was a secretive, furtive vein in Thomas Jefferson that would have made it quite correct, and very much alike in sound, to speak of "Jeffersonian duplicity." [Applause and laughter.] The Republicans have taken the chart of their principles from Washington rather than from Jefferson. If simplicity was the leading characteristic of Jefferson, sterling honesty was the crowning virtue of

George Washington. So truly does the farewell address of Washington represent the principles of Republicanism, that we might enter the next campaign with no other platform and no other sign than the picture of Washington and his farewell address. They would be no more, no less, than the platform of the great Republican party of to-day. [Applause.] In the days of George Washington there was a hatchet. [Laughter.] From some recent occurrences I rather think we have inherited that hatchet also.

We have heard much of this Jeffersonian simplicity. I suppose we never will have such another example of it as the message which the Democratic Executive sent in assigning reasons for the appointment of Mr. Matthews. Simple indeed must have been the Jeffersonian who would give to a Republican Senate such reasons. Quick and

HOT WAS THE BLOW

that came back from the hatchet of George Washington when the answer to those reasons was returned to the simple Jeffersonian. [Applause.]

We have other maxims from this party which we will try to recall. In the early stages of the present administration we had the expression "innocuous desuetude," and now the answering echo to that sentiment over in Indiana is "noxious Turpi(e)tude." [Laughter.] Now, my fellow-citizens, these great disappointments from a party that has promised everything and performed nothing, the memory of the splendid prosperity which attended the rule of the Republican party of this country, a general feeling that Democracy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, all these are having their effect, all are telling their tale. A brightening, deepening sense of patriotism is pervading this land from one end of it to the other, thank God, and love for the Nation that no man can put down is becoming universal throughout the country.

There are great and salient points of difference between the Republican and the Democratic party, points which cannot be forgotten, points touching the election laws which I think best not to discuss. I say to you frankly, however, that, although I have fought against those outrages and abuses, the temper and spirit of the South to-day is more catholic more reasonable, more disposed than ever before to correct these wrongs and to insist upon an honest count and return, as a matter of common honesty which they owe themselves, and to admit that the Republican party of this country is just and reasonable in its firm demand that such shall be the case. Believing such to be the fact, I am disposed to let the evil correct itself, as it must, in time, in every brave and honest community, and to appeal to you, for God's sake, to let no bitterness stop the tide which is steadily and surely rising. [Great cheers.] Why should not the land which gave birth to Washington rally under the banner which he handed to this great party? It will. It has. You heard the slogan in the last election. We snatched seven of the ten Congressmen from the hands of Bourbonism, and the next time we will try to make it unanimous. [Applause.] Pursue a broad and liberal policy toward this people, and this nation's wealth will not have to be poured out to save New York to our party in every national election. [Cheers.] Pursue a broad and catholic spirit. Stand by the pledges that are made by the Republican party upon all the leading issues of tariff, internal revenue and education, and in the next election West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Indiana will fall into line. [Loud cheers.] I care not who it is. All that we ask is that a

REPUBLICAN TRIED AND TRUE

be put in charge of the standard. I care not whether it be Blaine of Maine [tremendous cheers] or Sherman of Ohio [pointing to their portraits on the wall]. Either is good enough for the republicans of Virginia.

I read not long since an account of the marriage of George Washington, and it reminded me of the present.

The writer described a beautiful wedding, at which the charming bride was led from the chancel to a stately chariot, drawn by thoroughbreds. She and the fair coterie of her bridesmaids were placed within the equipage, attended by George Washington and a gallant company of gentlemen who formed a mounted escort. Our fancies can easily picture that interesting scene of long ago—the bright sunshine, the brave liveries, the beaming faces of the bride and her attendants; the noble figure of Washington, his perfect horsemanship, his ever recurring glance of mingled pride and affection as he sought in the midst of loveliness the soft eyes of her who was fairest and dearest to his heart. Love, a hundred and thirty years ago, was the love we know to-day. Amid all our revolutions it has remained the same, and a tale of love like that is ever fresh and charming, though the lovers have grown old, have died, and been buried for a hundred years.

My fellow-citizens, the spirit of George Washington to-day is riding by the chariot of the nation, and in it he sees the faces of the States, as he saw the bride and the bridesmaids a hundred years ago.

Will you pardon the State pride of a Virginian, responding to this toast, if my fancy puts back into his eyes that joyous light of the wedding festival, as he beholds his beloved Virginia, in her old place, once more surrounded by the dazzling galaxy of the sisterhood of States. [Applause.]

And now, pursuing the simile, but descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, the running gear of that chariot reminded me of the parties of this country. In the front, with the king-pin of national union, springing from the axle, with the pole that gives direction to it, ever leading and pointing the course of destiny, is the great Republican party. Behind it, bearing the burdens of the States, and making a great ado in passing over ruts that the forewheels have already passed,

representing the hind wheels of the vehicle, is the Democratic party, always content to go rumbling and noisy in a track already made, and never making a track of its own unless the thing is going backwards. [Laughter and applause.]

But we must honestly admit the merits of the present administration when we see them. We must be just and even generous to our adversaries in the catholic spirit. It is the off year. You may have noticed that our tempers are always better in the off year. One merit we are willing to accord to the present administration; one act that made us feel that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. When Grover Cleveland, setting a good example to the other old bachelors of this land, led a lovely being to the White House, Republican and Democrat alike took off his hat and

BOWED TO WOMANHOOD

a sincere obeisance. Democrat and Republican alike yielded homage to the noble woman that he has chosen to dignify the position. [Applause.]

This, I may truly say, is, as I believe, the only event which has occurred since his inauguration to excite one feeling of interest or sentiment among the people, or to relieve his administration in the slightest degree of its character of the veriest common-place, stolidity, negative inefficiency and disappointment.

One other thought and I have done. The name of George Washington, the father of every principle we cherish, has ever been a household word with me. My father's mother's father, at nineteen years of age, left his bride of but six weeks and followed the fortunes of George Washington. He fought with the Ninth Virginia Regiment, under a red bandana handkerchief tied to a ramrod, at Brandywine. He staid with him and never returned to his home until my grandmother was eighteen months old. His name appears oftener as officer of the day, during that bleak and dreary winter at Valley Forge, than any

other officer upon the revolutionary roster. He entered the service as a Lieutenant and came back a Colonel; and when the French war was threatened was appointed a Major-General of the Virginia Militia by George Washington himself. To the day of his death, in every company he had but one toast, and that was "God bless George Washington." [Applause.] George Washington, in the household where I was reared, was type and synonym of all that was noble in mankind. I was taught that he was greater than Alexander, because no tear of thirst for conquest ever coursed down his cheek. I was taught that he was greater than Cæsar, because he curbed his ambition. I was taught that he was greater than Marlborough, because no sordid act ever soiled his great life. I was taught that he was greater than Napoleon, because he was content to fight for his country without converting his triumphs into a war of aggression. I was told that he was greater than all, because he combined statesman, soldier, and citizen as no man before him did or since he lived has done. [Applause.] My friend who preceded me has apostrophised that flag. Why should I not love it—the flag that George Washington handed down to us? There never was a day, so help me God, that I ever felt that it belonged to anybody else but me. [Tremendous cheers.]

The day when I acknowledged allegiance to another banner has gone and passed forever. The vision of another empire on this soil has passed away as a baseless dream. The man who would revivify it is a dreamer and visionary. Nothing short of the power that bade Lazarus arise and come forth in his grave clothes after he had been dead for days, could put life in that idea. I do not say that the struggle will be forgotten. No, it will not be forgotten. It was too gigantic, too fierce, too bloody, and the seams of its scars still disfigure our national countenance. It will be remembered. Yes, it will. Among the many monuments reared to the memory of George Washington is one splendid shaft at the National

Capital. It springs in simple symmetry until it melts in the blue ether above, taller than any of its fellows. It tells the

SIMPLE, GRAND STORY

of the life of George Washington, and bears upon its face an allegory more complete than is contained in all the hieroglyphics upon Cleopatra's needle. What is it? From the ground upward to a certain point it bears a discolored surface. The stones are varied and lack homogeneity. Thence onward it springs unblemished to its completion. For a century to come that monument will bear that mark, aye, until it crumbles back to earth, perhaps, it will tell the story. What was it? Was it begun by the universal concession, that George Washington's country and his principles should survive in their unity? No. It was begun with woman's love. One stone at a time, rising slowly, that monument to Washington rose, rose, rose laboriously and beset with doubt as to its completion, until at last when the great struggle came which was to decide whether those principles should be made perpetual, it stopped. There it stood while the great struggle went on. Around its top were clouds and darkness. About it was a mist that hung, concealing its incompleteness. It stood like an interrogation mark, as if to say: Shall the principles of George Washington prevail in the land which he made free? But now again, with a new impulse, the building began afresh. Homogeneous, bright, unspotted, thence it sprang onward and upward until it was built, and the completed monument bears on its face time's legend, telling when it paused, how it toiled and then how it sprang until it was done. Future generations shall ask why the base of that monument is discolored, why its stones are variant, and why its summit is so white and pure like the snow clouds of the Alps? They will ask who completed the monument to George Washington; who made the story of his life complete? Who placed it there, the evidence that

those principles for which he struggled shall be the guiding faith of the people of this land? Be the Republican party dead or alive, be it banished forever from power or yet to come back stronger than ever—until that monument shall crumble, until it shall fall back to the earth from which it springs, it stands as

A PERPETUAL MEMORIAL

that the principles of George Washington were perpetuated by the Republican party of this country. That it answered the question as to whether this country should survive as a unit, in a voice of thunder that made the nations tremble. [Applause.]

And now, my fellow-citizens, good-night. I shall bear back with me to the Republicans of Virginia a cheering story of the good cheer, of the good spirits, of the hopefulness of Republicans that I have met here. Old Virginia and Michigan are very nearly equal in their representation. Don't you fear that your eleven Representatives will have their votes killed by the Virginia delegation. [Applause.] We hope to send you Republican delegates enough to help Detroit out of the temporary difficulty under which she labors at present. [Applause and laughter.] We hope to send you Republicans enough to help one or two other districts of this State, but be assured that we do not do it because we want to, and we rely upon you to send as many Republicans to Congress as old Virginia sends. That is one of the revolutions that you, perhaps, had not thought of. [Laughter and applause.] Now, my fellow-citizens, good-night. I wish I could stay with you longer [cries of "go on"], but there are others here from Iowa, from the East—not from the North, for I believe we have got about as far North as the law allows [laughter], unless we are going over to take part in the election in Canada.

Good-night. [Applause.]

At the conclusion, Senator Palmer proposed three cheers for old Virginia, which were given standing, and amid great enthusiasm and waving of hats, napkins and handkerchiefs, while the band played "Dixie."

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